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5 "	30	55	1.25	2.75	5.00	10.00
6 "	25	50	1.25	2.75	5.00	10.00
7 "	20	45	1.25	2.75	5.00	10.00
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MY BUFFALO HUNT.

At the anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Westminster Sunday School held last January, Dr. Snowden, the Missionary of the School, was present and delivered a most interesting address. He made mention of some experience he had once had in hunting buffaloes, and the request was made that he should relate the story. The story was too long, and the hour too late to enter upon the relation at that time, but he promised to write it out and send it on for publication. He has done so and we publish it below. We assure our readers it will well repay perusal.

In the year 1863 I landed at Nebraska City, and soon thereafter determined to have a buffalo hunt. So in company with three spirited, good humored fellows we made preparations for the same. We supplied ourselves with covered wagon, and an extra pair of horses to chase the buffalo. After a long, pleasant, and exciting trip we landed on the banks of the Little Republican, a beautiful, picturesque stream, about one hundred and fifty miles from the Missouri river, and forty miles south of old Fort Kearney.

The first evening we encamped there, while busily engaged feeding our horses, building the fire, and preparing our frugal meal, we were pleasantly surprised by a magnificent elk coming up and halting within two hundred yards of our encampment. One of the party ran for a gun, but alas! it was too late, the valuable game took the hint, passed on and left us in the collapsed state of "dink fever."

It was a warm, sultry day and being pursued most likely by Indian hunters the elk had become thirsty and panting for the water-brooks. His mouth was wide open and his tongue protruding therefrom. The Psalmist says, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." That incident has often reminded me of this beautiful illustration of the Sweet Singer.

After supper we threw ourselves down on the open prairie to sleep and refresh us for the coming day's sport and trials. In a short time we came about a dozen of hungry wolves yelping and howling at the top of their voices, much to our annoyance, and they managed to keep up the "wilderness serenade" for some time, after which we fell asleep and awoke not until the sun was covering the distant hills and verdant prairies with a flood of golden beauty.

Our breakfast was soon cooked and as readily dispatched, the horses fed and harnessed and we were preparing for "the war path," when we espied in the distance many thousands of buffaloes quietly grazing.

As this number looks large, if you read an account of the Yale College party under Prof. Marsh, which visited the Rocky Mountains purely in the interest of science you will find that buffaloes move in vast numbers. "For days at a time at Smoky Hill they were surrounded by immense numbers of buffaloes, one herd being estimated as containing 15,000."

Before we mounted our steeds I managed to start up what I supposed to be a buffalo calf, and shouting aloud I cried, "There is a buffalo calf." "Boys there goes a buffalo calf," and immediately gave chase. Imagine my chagrin and disappointment, the merriment and hilarity of the boys, when my buffalo calf turned out to be a startled wild turkey running for dear life. The turkey, like the elk, left us alone in our glory.

When we drew near the buffalo our company divided into two squads. One was to attack on the north flank, and the other on the south. The former being on foot were to fire first, and the latter on horseback were to pursue the buffalo, and slaughter them by the wholesale? I never had seen the American Bison and supposed that I could ride up to him without fear or danger but I was sadly mistaken. Looking to the Everlasting Hills, whence cometh strength and praying for the protecting care of an over-ruling Providence, I stripped for the chase. Sitting upon my mettled charger, I anxiously waited the firing of the signal gun. Slowly the time passed, and I became impatient and giving rein to the fleet footed steed, I started in pursuit and soon the vast herd was in motion. Through "dog town," over bluffs, down precipices, on "the home stretch," away we sped.

"Like an arrow swift,
Shot by an archer strong."

If my Indian friends had been there they would have laughed heartily at my expense.

As the buffalo were the challenged party, they were entitled to choice of ground, and instructively managed to select the most broken, interspersed with precipices. The latter did not seem to impede their progress, as they jumped over and plowed down on their heads and knees, while I had to descend slowly and often by a circuitous route. So when I was over and ready to renew the chase, they were far in advance and I was compelled to quicken my pace to regain lost ground.

This conundrum is respectfully submitted to the best speller: If s-i-o-u-x spells us, and e-y-e spells i, and s-i-g-h-e-d spell side, why doesn't s-i-o-u-x-e-y-e-s-i-g-h-e-d spell suicide?

"Hark! death advances,
New stratagems, and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling round and now at large she flies."

After a run of six miles in one of the warmest days in June, I finally singled out an old tough male buffalo, which proved to be one of the strongest and fiercest of the bovine genus, and flattered myself that he would soon be my meat when lo! he circling turned and little low bent head, scarlet red eyes, came rushing upon me like a small locomotive.

To whirled my steed around and try to escape as well as attempt to lodge a ball in his heart was the work of a moment. The cavalry pistol refused to discharge its leaden message and my animal was ranked among the fleetest, yet she became paralyzed with fright and refused to move a step. A collision ensued. I was not prepared for this coup de main, and was therefore hurled to the ground under the impression that life and battle were alike lost. We were no sooner down than the master of the situation reversed the order of exercises, lifted his head, dropped his tail, turned about face and galloped away. With delight I could say:

"Erring brother, depart in peace!"

I was twice pleased that day. First when I got in sight of the buffalo, and secondly when they got out of my sight.

The mare was severely but not fatally injured. Turning our backs on the victorious foe, like whipped Spaniards, we slowly returned to camp. The buffalo, like the turkey and elk, left us comfortless.

With becoming gravity and good humor, I endured the repeated sallies of wit, yet was mortified to think I had been so disastrously defeated.

The same evening a violent and terrific storm overtook us; we made our bed on the open prairie, and placed the wagon cover over us. Soon the wind swept down with great violence and the wind fell in torrents. In the midst of its fury an insect unfortunately took refuge in my ear. I have had pain before and since, but that eclipsed anything of the kind I ever experienced. Knowing that some grease had been left in the frying pan, I cried out, "pour some of that grease in my ear." "The rain has washed it all away," replied a fat, good natured, jolly fellow, who, with the balance, was almost convulsed with laughter. Suffering intense pain I called upon them to pour water into my ear.

My jolly friend seized a vessel partly filled with water which he dashed into my ear and upon my face and neck. Under the circumstances it was not the most agreeable remedy in the range of the Materia Medica, yet it gave immediate relief. This unpleasantness made me more than ever the victim of their fun. The boys gave it the dignified appellation of "Bug in the Rug," telling it frequently with much gusto and adding to it as fancy dictated or circumstances permitted.

As we were coming down the Platte river on our return, and on passing a mud ranch—a delightful hotel (?) one of the party called out, "Do you want any buffalo meat?" "Yes yes," said the little woman and away she ran for something to put it in, while her husband laid hands on a jug of something stronger than water and hastened to our side. To excite his imagination one of the party seized a large butcher knife and was busily engaged in whetting it, as if preparing to cut a choice round of steak. When they came up and found that he had no buffalo meat and they were "badly sold," a hearty laugh ensued in which all took part. After spending a few weeks on the Platte river, I returned to my home, pleased with my trip and much benefited in health. Now, beloved children, I have fulfilled the promise I made when at Bloomfield to write and give you a full description of my first and last buffalo hunt on the great plains of the west.

Very truly and sincerely I am your friend:
I. WAYNE SNOWDEN.

Sleeping Together.

More quarrels occur between brothers, between sisters, between servant girls, between clerks, between apprentices in mechanic's shops, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to the electrical changes through which their nervous systems go by lodging together at night under the same bed clothes, than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so disarrange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force, as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorptive in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminative will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding, and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. This is the law, and in married life it is defined almost universally.

This conundrum is respectfully submitted to the best speller: If s-i-o-u-x spells us, and e-y-e spells i, and s-i-g-h-e-d spell side, why doesn't s-i-o-u-x-e-y-e-s-i-g-h-e-d spell suicide?

Learn to Keep House.

Beautiful maidens—aye nature's fair queens,
Some in your twenties, and some in your teens,
Seeking accomplishments worthy your aim,
Striving for learning, thirsting for fame!
Taking such pains with the style of your hair,
Keeping your lily complexion so fair:
Miss not this time in all your gay lives,
Learn to keep house, you may one day be wives.
Learn to keep house.

Now our Adonis loves sweet moonlight walks,
Hand clasps, and kisses, and nice little talks,
Then, as plain Charlie, with burden of care,
He must subside on mere nourishing fare;
He'll come home at the set of the sun,
Heart-sick and weary, his working day done,
Then let his slippers feel ne'er wish to roam,
Learn to keep house that you may keep home.
Learn to keep house.

First in his eyes will be children and wife,
Joy of his joy and life of his life,
Next to his bright dwelling his table, his meals,
Shrink not at what no pen trembling reveals,
Maidens romantic, the truth must be told,
Knowledge is better than silver and gold;
Then be prepared in the spring-time of heat,
Learn to keep house 'till surrounded by wealth.
Learn to keep house.

THE MISSING FINGER JOINT.

It was my first visit to London since I had taken up my abode and entered on the practice of my profession as a solicitor in Southampton.

In London I had a very dear friend, my old friend, my old college chum, George Dickson; and as he was the only person I knew in the great metropolis, of course I lost no time in looking him up.

Three years had passed since our last meeting but he could scarcely produce a change more marked than had taken place in the appearance and manner of my friend.

Our first greetings and friendly inquiries over, I lingered, yet forbore, to ask the cause of my friend's melancholy. I felt sure, in due time, of being made the confidant of the secret, provided no motive of delicacy prompted its concealment.

That evening, in my room at the hotel, George told me his story. He had formed an attachment for a young lady, whose grace of mind and person he portrayed with the fervor of a lover's eloquence. She had returned his affection, but her father had opposed his suit, having set his heart on the marriage of his daughter to a nephew of his. This nephew was a young surgeon, of prodigious character, my friend assured me—but that may have been prejudice—who had long, but unsuccessfully, wooed his cousin, to whom his efforts were as repugnant as to her father they were acceptable.

Some months since, Mr. Parsons, the young lady's father, had gone into Hampshire on business, accompanied by his nephew. At Southampton he had been seized by a sudden illness, which terminated fatally in three days.

On the day preceding his death he had executed his will (which had since been duly proved by the depositions of the attesting witnesses), containing a solemn request that his daughter, to whom he left the whole of his estate, should accept the hand of his nephew in marriage, coupled with the provision that, in case the latter offered, and she refused, within a specified time, to enter into the proposed union, the entire estate devised to the daughter should be forfeited to the nephew.

To sacrifice her fortune to her heart's choice would not have cost Julia Parsons a moment's hesitation; and nothing could have more delighted George Dickson than so fair an opportunity of showing how superior his devotion was to all consideration of personal advantage. But her father's dying request, in Julia's eyes was sacred. It had surprised and stunned her, it is true; for, in their many conferences on the subject, he had never gone beyond the most kindly remonstrance, and had never hinted at anything like coercion.

Young Parsons, the nephew, had not the magnanimity to forego his ungenerous advantage. He might have been content with his cousin's fortune alone, but his right to that depended on his offer and her rejection of an alliance which she felt in conscience bound to accept. The brief season of grace, which she had been compelled to beg even with tears, had already almost passed, and a few more days would witness the condemnation of two lives to hopeless misery.

At the conclusion of my friend's narrative, in which, for reasons that may hereafter be developed, I felt a peculiar interest, I prevailed upon him to accompany me to a place of amusement, to which I had previously procured tickets.

When we reached the theatre the performances had already begun; but we succeeded in finding seats which commanded a fair view both of the stage and the audience.

In a few moments George touched my elbow.

"Observe the gentleman nearly opposite, in the front row, seated next the column, leaning his arm on his cane," he whispered.

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a face whose striking resemblance to one I had seen before caused me to start with surprise.

"Who is it?"

"Eldridge Parsons," was the reply.

"The nephew of whom you spoke?"

"The same," my friend answered.

"Does he resemble his uncle?" I was

on the point of inquiring; but just then the stranger drew the glove from his right hand, and I saw that the first joint of the middle finger was wanting, a circumstance which for sufficient reason, absorbed my attention.

"Do you know the exact date of Mr. Parsons' death?" I asked, when we had gained the street at the close of the performance.

"Yes," said George; "it was the twenty-third of December. His daughter received a telegram from her cousin announcing the fact the same day; but why do you ask?"

"I have a reason which may or may not prove a good one," I returned; and, stating that I had business engagements for the whole of next day, I parted with my friend, promising to meet him on the following evening.

The next afternoon found me at the abode of Mr. Parsons, the nephew.

"Mr. Parsons, I presume?" were the words with which I accosted the gentleman I had seen at the theatre.

"Yes, sir."

"You may not remember me, Mr. Parsons, but I believe we have met before."

"I beg your pardon, sir, for not recollecting the occasion."

"You were in Southampton, last winter, were you not?"

"I was," he answered, with some embarrassment.

"I am the solicitor on whom you called to make a draft of a will."

He turned pale, but made no reply.

"I saw a record of that will at Doctors' Commons this morning," I resumed, "and—"

"You speak of my uncle's will," he hastily interrupted.

"And yet," I continued, "you said it was yours when you applied to have it written. You represented yourself desirous of executing such a document preparatory to embarking on a perilous voyage. The paper was drawn in accordance with your instructions, leaving the date to be filled in at the time of signing. Your locks were gray then, and you certainly looked old enough to have a marvellous daughter; but your disguise was not perfect," and I pointed to the mutilated finger.

"What do you mean?" he shouted, in a defiant tone.

"Simply that your uncle's signature to that will is a forgery!" I answered, rising and confronting him. "He died on the twenty-third of December. Your own telegram to that effect is in existence. It was on the twenty-fourth, the day before Christmas, that you called on me to prepare the document now on record as his will. The inference is plain; you undertook to manufacture this spurious testament after your uncle's death, and wishing to clothe your villainy in legal form, you procured from me the required draft."

"You, or some one at your instigation, simulated the signature of the deceased. The witnesses, who have since perjured themselves in their depositions, were procured in some manner best known to yourself."

"Enough, sir," he ejaculated, placing his back against the door; you have shown yourself in possession of a secret the custody of which proves dangerous!"

"I am not unprepared for your threat," I replied. "In the first place, I did not come here unarmed, in the next, I have prepared a full written statement of the facts to which I have alluded, with information besides, of my present visit to yourself. This paper will be delivered to the friend to whom it is directed, unless within an hour I reclaim it from the messenger, who has been induced for that length of time to retain it."

His face grew livid. His frame quivered with mingled fear and rage, and his eye gleamed like that of a wild beast as he said:

"What is your purpose?" in a voice hoarse with suppressed passion.

"To keep your secret while you live," I answered firmly, "on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you write instantly to Julia Parsons, renouncing all pretensions to her hand, and absolutely withdrawing your proposals of marriage, and all claim on her or her property under that will."

After a moment's pause, he hastily penned a brief notice, which he submitted to my inspection; it was quite satisfactory.

"Be so good, as to seal and address," I said.

He did so.

"I will see that it is delivered," I remarked, taking it up, and bowing myself out.

When I met George Dickson that evening his old college look had come back.